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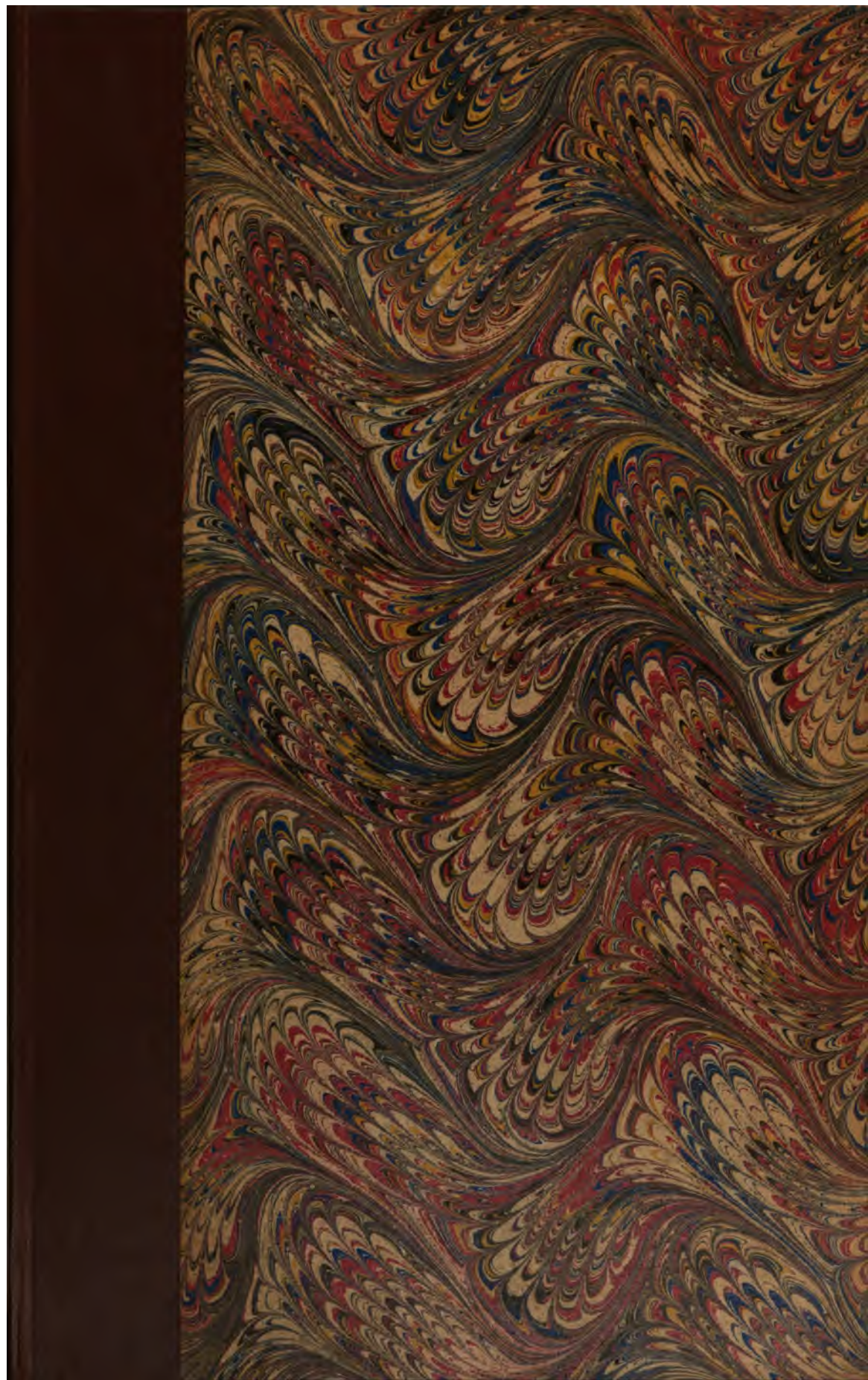
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Fiedler K. 1860



Fiedler K. 1860





POEMS

BY

HEINRICH HEINE

TRANSLATED

BY

JULIAN FANE.

— Julian Henry Charles Fane
1827-1870

NOT PUBLISHED.



VIENNA.

FROM THE IMPERIAL COURT AND GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE.

1854.



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Note.

At the end of each translation are indicated the name of the volume and the number of the page from which the original poem is taken.

B. d. L. signifies Buch der Lieder.

N. G. " Neue Gedichte.

R. " Romanzero.

The numbering of the pages is the same in all the editions of Heine's poems published by Hoffmann and Kampe. Hamburg.

The Fairies.

**The waves they plash on the lonely strand,
The Moon gives out her beams;
A fair knight rests on the silvery sand
Begirt with happy Dreams.**

**The beautiful Fairies, fairy-bedight,
Rise out of the great Sea's Deep;
They softly draw near to the youthful knight,
And they think that he certainly sleeps.**

**Then, one with curious finger feels
The feathers that deck his bonnet;
Another close to his shoulder-knot steals
And plays with the chain upon it.**

**A third one laughs and with cunning hand
Unsheaths the sword from its keeper,
And, leaning against the glittering brand,
She watches well-pleased the sleeper.**

**A fourth, she flutters about and above
And sighs from her little bosom:
„Ay me! that I were they true true love,“
„Thou beautiful Human blossom!“**

A fifth the knight's fair fingers clasped,
Filled with Loves longing blisses;
A sixth plays coy for awhile, but at last
His cheek and lips she kisses.

The knight is crafty, nor thinks he soon
To open his eyelids wary,
But quietly lies, to be kissed in the Moon
By fairy after fairy.

N. G. page 157.



The parsonage house.

The crescented Moon of Autumn
 Out, through a white cloud, peers;
 Lonely and still in the church-yard
 The Parsonage-house appears.

The mother reads in her Bible,
 The Son at the candle stares;
 Drowsily lolls the elder,
 The younger daughter declares:

„God knows the days be dull here,“
 „And the months how dull they be!“
 „Only when some-one gets buried“
 „We get at Something to see“.

The Mother looks up in answer,
 „Thou err'st, there have died but four“
 „Since the day they buried thy father“
 „There, at the old church-Door“.

The elder daughter says, yawning,
 „I'll not starve here with you,“
 „To morrow I'll to the Squire,“
 „He's rich and loves me too“.

The Son breaks out in a hoarse laugh,
„Three Sportsmen lodge at the Dragon,“
„Money they make, and right gladly“
„They'll teach me the trick o'er a flagon“.

The Mother hurls the great Bible
Sheer at his bony jowl:
„So wilt thou, God-forgotten,“
„With thieving poachers prow!“

They hear a tap at the window,
They see two warning hands;
There stands the buried Father
Dressed in his hood and bands.

B. d. L. page 197.



Simple Simon.

I.

Josiah and Jane dance blithe on the green
And carol and sing with pleasure;
Poor Simon silently watches the scene,
And pale he looks beyond measure.

Josiah and Jane are Bridegroom and Bride,
All spruce in their holiday frock;
Poor Simon, gnawing his nails, stands aside,
Aside in his dirty smock.

The simple Simon eyes the pair, mute;
Then mumbles and mouths like a dumb thing:
„Now if I weren't just a deal too 'cute,“
„I'd do to myself a something.“

II.

„In my poor breast there lives a Woe“
„That frets my heart with worry;“
„And where I stop and where I go“
„It makes me onwards hurry.“

„It draws me to my sweetheart's side“
„As if Jane might appease it;“
„But when into her eyes I've spied“
„I must away to ease it.“

„Upon the Hill-top one's alone,“
„So many a time I hie there;“
„And when atop I stand alone,“
„I stand alone and cry there.“

III.

The simple Simon totters by
Timid, and ashen-pale and shy;
And as he threads the public ways
The people stare and stand at gaze.

The lasses whisper, full of gloom,
„There stalks a man from out his tomb!“
Ah! no — ye err, ye gentle lasses,
Not from, but to his tomb he passes.

Him hath his heart's sole joy forsook!
Wherefore the grave's the fittest nook
Where he his sorrowing soul may lay,
And sleep until the latter day.

B. d. L. page 52.



The Mountain-Echo.

Slow through the mountain-valley
 Rode a knight young and brave;
 „Am I travelling now to my Love's embrace,“
 „Or travelling into the grave?“
 And the sullen echo answer gave,
 'Into the grave'.

And the knight rode onwards and heavily sighed,
 And he looked so pale and grave —
 „And must I so young, so early die!“
 „No matter — there's peace in the grave.“
 And the sullen echo answer gave,
 'Peace in the grave'.

Then tears that rolled from the young knight's eyes
 His pale cheeks 'gan to lave;
 „And can I alone in the grave find peace“ —
 „So well — then welcome the grave.“
 And the sullen echo answer gave
 'Welcome the grave'.

B. d. L. page 49.



The Phoenix.

There comes a bird flying of the West,
 Eastward he flies;
 Eastward towards his garden home
 Where spices breathe and fragrantly grow,
 Where Palm-trees rustle and fountains freshen —
 And the rare bird sings as he flies:

„She loves him, she loves him,
 His image she bears in her little heart,
 She bears it sweetly and silently hidden,
 And knows it not herself.
 But in her dreams he stands before her;
 She sues, she weeps and she kisses his hands,
 And calls him by his name;
 And, calling, she wakes and lies in terror,
 And presses her palms to her beautiful eyes —
 She loves him, she loves him.“

* *

Against the mast on the high foredeck
 I stood, and listened the strange bird's song.
 Like dark-coloured steeds with silver-manes
 Carreered the white-curved waves.

Like a flight of swans, with glimmering sails
The Heligoland^{ers} sailed afar,
Those Nomads bold of the North-Sea.
Above me, within the eternal Blue,
A white cloud poised;
And beautiful shone the eternal Sun,
That rose of the Heavens, the fiery-glowing,
Which gladly glassed itself in the sea —
And the Sea and the Heavens and my own heart
In echo resounded,
'She loves him, she loves him!'

B. d. L. page 355.



Queries.

By the Sea, the desolate midnight-sea,
 Stands a lonely youth,
 His breast full of sorrow, his head full of doubt,
 And with mournful lips he questions the waves.

„O tell me the riddle of Life,
 The torturing, time-worn riddle,
 O'er which so many a head hath ached —
 Heads in Hieroglyphic Night-caps,
 Heads in turbans and bonnets black,
 Heads in full wigs, and a thousand other
 Poor, perspiring heads of men.
 Tell me, what signifyeth Man?
 Whence does he come? and whither goes?
 Who lives there above in the golden stars?“

The waves, they mutter their ceaseless murmur,
 The winds they blow and the clouds fly over,
 The stars they glitter careless and cold,
 And a Fool stands waiting for answer.

B. d. L. page 353.



A tragedy.

I.

Fly thou with me and be my wife
And, on my heart reposing, roam;
Far in a foreign-land my heart
Shall prove thy country and thy home.

If thou go not — here I must die,
And thou wilt lorn and lonely be;
And though thou art at home — at home
As in a foreign-land thou'lt be.

II.

The hoar-frost fell in a night of spring,
On the delicate blue-bell flowers it fell,
And they were withered, and perished.

A youth did love a maiden well,
Softly together from home they fled,
Nor father nor mother knew it.

They wandered hither, they wandered thither,
Their lot ne'er knew its lucky star,
Undone they were, and perished.

III.

Above their grave a Linden grows,
Birds sing, and through it the balm-breeze blows,
And under it, on the emerald grass,
The miller's son sits with his bonnie lass.

The breeze, it moans so soft and so weary,
The birds they sing so sweet and so dreary,
The garrulous lovers in silence sigh,
They weep! — and themselves they know not why.

N. G. page 134.



On the Brocken.

Lighter grows the Eastern-Heaven
Where the Sun-beams 'gin to glow,
Broad and great the mountain-summits
Through the mist-sea 'gin to show.

Had I seven-leagued boots, more fleetly
Over yonder mountain steeps,
Than the very winds, I'd travel
To the house where Darling sleeps.

From the bed whereon she slumbers
Gently lift the curtain-tips,
Gently would I kiss her forehead,
Gently kiss her ruby lips.

And still gentlier say, in whispers
To her lily-ear imparted:
„Dream thy dream that we are lovers,
And that we were never parted“.

B. d. L. page 294.



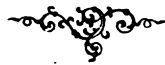
Mythology.

Yes, Europa she was ravished,
But a Beast who *can* withstand?
Danæ too we understand,
So much gold on her was lavished!

Semele fell quite sedately,
For she thought that an ethereal,
An ideal cloud ethereal
Could not compromise her greatly.

But we needs must weep upon
Leda's frailty — Leda green!
What a goose must thou have been
To be gammoned by a swan!

R. page 153.



Flunkeyism.

Rich Folk are to be gained I fear
 Alone by flattest Flattery;
 Money is flat, my little Dear,
 And it will flatly flattered be.

With incense-censer and with shovel
 Serve thou the godlike, golden calves,
 In dust and dirt before them grovel,
 But, above all, praise not by halves.

Bread is so dear in these our days†
 Natheless at thy command is still
 The honied phrase; — wherefore bepraise
 Macænas' dog and feed thy fill.

R. page 173.



Iolanthe and Marie.

These two Ladies have a notion
How a Bard should honoured be;
So to dinner they invited
Me and my Divinity.

Oh! the Soup was quite delicious,
And the wine was quite sublime;
Richly larded was the Leveret,
And the poultry tasted prime.

Talked, I think, about the Fine-Arts —
And I gorged myself in glee;
And I thanked them for the honor
Wherewith they had honoured me.

N. G. page 81.



The haunted knight.

There lived once a knight who was silent with woe,
 His ashen cheeks furrowed with seams;
 Tottering, swerving and reeling he'd go,
 Quite lost in his dreary dreams.
 So wooden he looked, so clumsy, so daft —
 The sweet little maids and the flowers they laughed
 As he stumbled along with his dreams.

In the dullest corner oft sat he at home,
 With all human kind he had broken;
 With arms outstretched through his room he would roam
 And never a little word spoken!
 But when the midnight hour came round,
 A wonderful singing and ringing 'gan sound
 And a tap at the door came as token.

And his beautiful love steals in on tip-toes —
 Flowing drapery floats from her arms;
 She blushes and glows like a beautiful rose,
 Through her rich-jewelled veil peep her charms;
 Adown her fair form golden tresses shower,
 Her sweet eyes glow with a sweetness of power —
 They sink in each other's arms.

Her in his closest embrace the knight takes —
 And his stiff, wooden form takes fire,
 The pale cheek reddens, the Dreamer awakes,
 And his Spirit mounts higher and higher;
 But she, she roguishly teazes him now,
 Casts her rich-jewelled veil o'er his eyes and his brow,
 And, playful, provokes his ire.

Lo! sudden, in Palace beneath the waves blue
 The charmed knight finds himself sitter;
 He wonders — his eyes grow dazed at the view
 Of its sheeny glory and glitter;
 But the Fairy is near him — she stands at his side,
 The knight he is Bridegroom, the Fairy is Bride,
 And her handmaids play on the Zitter.

So sweetly they sing, and so sweetly they play,
 And dance on their light feet airy!
 The knight feels his senses passing away,
 And closer he clasps the Fairy —
 Sudden, the Lights all fade into gloom;
 And the knight sits alone in his lonely room,
 In his gloomy Poet's chamber.

B. d. L. page 103.



Kindless Dream.

I dreamt that I was young once more and gaysome —
 I saw the cottage on the high hill stand,
 I raced along the well-known pathway playsome,
 Swift racing with Ottilia hand in hand.

How bravely is the little Body fashioned!
 Her deep blue eye, how fairy-like it shines!
 She stands, upon her small foot firmly stationed,
 A form wherein with strength all grace combines.

Her cordial voice, it sounds so frank and gracious,
 Revealing all her soul, without eclipse;
 And all she says is thoughtful and sagacious,
 And like a pair of rose-buds are her lips.

It is not Love upon my senses stealing,
 My reason, undiseased, is at command, —
 Yet wondrously her Being thrills my Being,
 And tremblingly I stoop and kiss her hand.

I think that at the last I culled a flower
And gave it her, and then spake loud and free:
„Yea! be my wife, Ottilia, from this hour,
That I, like thou, may pure and happy be.“

What she replied I never may remember,
For suddenly I woke — and I lay here,
Once more the sick-man who in this sick-chamber
Disconsolate has lain full many a year.

R. page 196.



Memento Mori.

Never a Mass will there be chaunted,
 Never a ritual will they say;
 Nothing said and nothing chaunted
 On my unblest burial day.

Yet, perhaps, such day returning,
 If the weather's warm and mild,
 Spouse Mathilda, dressed in mourning,
 With Paulina 'll walk, dear Child!

With Immortals, blooming yellow,
 She is come to deck my grave;
 And she sighs, and says „Poor fellow!“
 Piteous tears her pale cheeks lave.

Lord! I live too far above her,
 And I have not any seat
 Which to hand her, though I love her —
 Ah! she droops on weary feet!

That you foot it home I'm very,
 Plump and pretty Dear, unwilling;
 When you leave the cemetery,
 Take a Cab. The fare's a shilling.

R. page 184.



To the Angels.

Dark Thanatos with fatal speed
Comes riding on a coal-black steed;
I hear the clang of hoofs, I see
The dismal rider comes for me —
He'll drag me forth, Mathilda I must leave!
Scarce can my heart that torturing thought conceive.

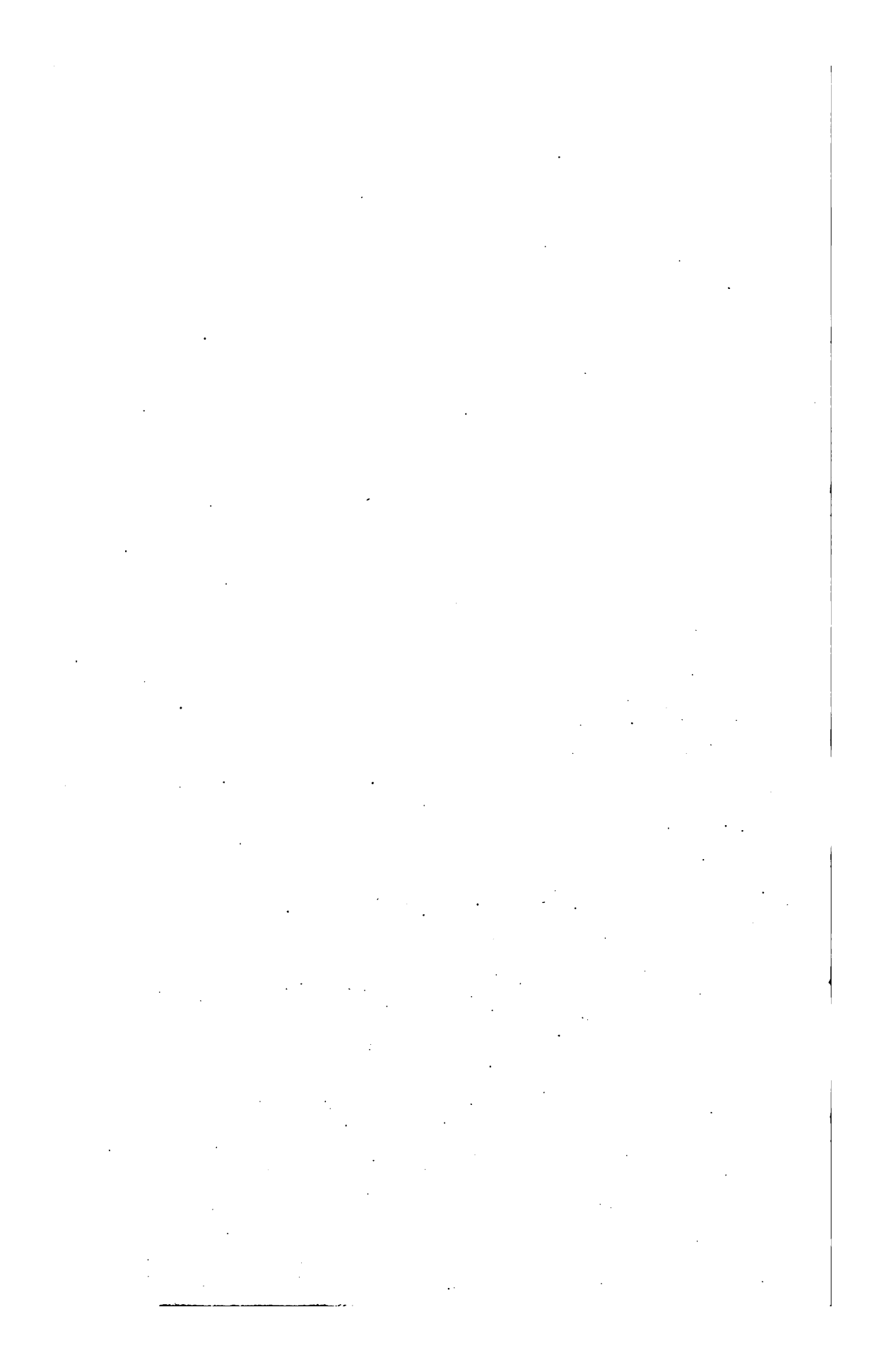
To me she was both child and wife;
And she must pass through this bleak life
Widowed and orphaned when I'm gone!
Within this world I leave alone
The wife, the child who, in my Being blest,
Happy and true reposed upon my breast.

Ye Angels, high above the skies,
Propitious hear my sobs and sighs,
And guard, when in the grave I lie,
The wife I loved so tenderly;
She is your human Sister, guard and shield her,
Do battle for my child forlorn, Mathilda.

Oh! by your tears which wont to flow
Compassionate for human woe,
By that dread Word the Priest alone
Dares name, with voice of trembling tone,
By your own beauty, ruth and grace and glory,
Ye angels guard Mathilda, I implore ye.

R. page 190.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



I.

Once on my bedarkened Being
 Shone a fair face full of light;
 Now, that that bright face is vanished,
 Dark I move, encloaked in night.

Children, when they sit in darkness,
 Feel chill fears about them throng,
 And their little fears to banish
 Loud they sing a careless song.

I, a mad-cap child, in darkness
 Sit, and carol forth my lay;
 Though the song delight you little,
 It has charmed my fears away.

B. d. L. page 169.



II.

She fled before me like a Roe,
 So shyly, and so fleetly;
 From cliff to cliff she lightly leapt
 With flowing locks, so sweetly.

But where the Rocks sink in the Sea
 I laid my hand upon her;
 And softly there with softest speech
 I wooed her and I won her.

Heaven-high we sat in heavenly bliss
 And sweet contentment holy;
 Far, far beneath us in the Sea
 The Sun descended slowly.

Far, far beneath us in the Sea
 The beauteous Sun descended;
 The wild waves lightly o'er him leapt
 In boisterous triumph blended.

Weep not! the fair Sun lies not dead
 Beneath yon sea-foam hoary;
 He hath but crept into my heart
 With all his fiery glory.

N. G. page 52.



III.

Thou lov'st me! I had known it
Full many a happy year,
But when I heard thee own it
I shuddered, great with fear.

Then, wild with glad emotion,
I carolled o'er the Down;
And went and wept by the Ocean
To see the Sun go down.

My heart, the Sun resembling,
Flames, fiery to behold,
And o'er Love's Ocean trembling,
It sinks all broad and gold.

N. G. page 50.



IV.

As the Moon's sweet image trembles
In the restless Ocean wild,
She the while so high in heaven
Shining peaceful, calm and mild:

So thy Soul, my Darling, shining
Calm and mild, the Moon resembles;
In my heart its reflex quivers,
Sole because my own heart trembles.

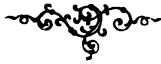
N. G. page 22.



V.

**The Rose and the Lily, the Sun and the Dove,
I loved them all once with a lavishing love;
Now I love them no more, now I love only One —
The nameless, the blameless, the fearless, the peerless,
My heart's universal and mystical One
Who herself is now Lily and Rose, Dove and Sun.**

B. d. L. page 107.



VI.

Every morn I send thee vi'lets
Which at day-break I have culled;
And at night I bring thee roses
Which by twilight I have pulled.

Know'st thou what the figured flowers
Figure forth, and fain would say?
Thou shalt love me all the night long,
And be true to me by day.

N. G. page 33.



VII.

Fear not thou that I my passion
To the world shall e'er betray,
Though my lips sing of thy beauty
Many a metaphoric lay.

Underneath a bed of flowers
Lies, with purest perfume fraught,
That so thoughtful, glowing secret,
That so secret, glowing thought.

If sometimes a spark suspicious
Upward fly — yet tranquil be!
In love-flames this world believes not,
Takes them all for Poetry.

N. G. page 34.



VIII.

Stars with golden, muffled footsteps
Walk through Heaven soft and light,
Fearful lest the Earth they waken
Slumbering in the arms of Night.

Mutely listening stands the Woodland,
Every leaf an emerald ear;
And how still the shadowed Mountains
With their outstretched arms appear!

Hark! what sound? Within my bosom
Rings the echo of that tone;
Say, was it the voice of Darling?
Or the Nightingale alone?

N. G. page 37.



IX.

Through the woods I roam at even,
Through the dreamy woodland wide;
And thy well belovéd figure
Walks for ever at my side.

Is not this thy veil? and is not
This thy face which I behold?
Or are both but empty moonshine,
Through the fir-tres shining cold?

Are they then my own poor tear-drops
Which to earth so piteous glide?
Or dost thou indeed, my Darling,
Wander weeping at my side?

N. G. page 47.



X.

**Thy face so lovely and so dear
I saw in dreams full many a year;
So Angel-like it looks, so frail,
And ah! so pale, so grievous pale.**

**The lips alone are red and hale,
But Death will shortly kiss them pale,
And quench that radiance of the skies
Which reigns in thy religious eyes.**

B. d. L. page 108.



XI.

**Thou art like some young flower,
As sweet and pure and fair;
I watch thee — and a Sadness
Steals o'er me unaware.**

**Me-thinks my hands, in blessing,
Above thy head should meet,
Praying that God preserve thee
So fair and pure and sweet.**

B. d. L. page 215.



XII.

When two poor Lovers part, Dear,
They hand in hand take station,
And then set-to to weep, Dear,
And sigh without cessation.

We two — we did not weep, Dear,
Nor sigh, though brokenhearted;
Our tears, Dear, and sighs, Dear,
They came when we were parted.

B. d. L. page 147.



XIII.

**The world is so fair and the Heaven so blue,
And the breezes so blandly their soft way pursue,
And the flowers in the fields for kind looks sue,
And glimmer and wink in the morning dew,
And in happiness basking all men I view —
And yet with the world and with Life I would wrestle,
And down in the grave near my Darling nestle.**

B. d. L. page 129.



XIV.

When, on my couch reclining,
I lie encloaked in Night,
A sweet and solemn picture
Steals in upon my sight.

And when the lid of Slumber
Shuts out the latest gleam;
Then moves the solemn picture
And mingles with my dream.

But with my dreams at day-break
It will no more depart;
So all day-long I bear it
About me, near my heart.

B. d. L. page 216.



XV.

I slept in dark dreams — thro' the darkness
 Her features I faintly could trace,
 And sudden the indistinct likeness
 Resembled her own living face.

Upon her dear lips, softly parted,
 I conjured a wonderful smile;
 And thro' tears, that I viewed broken-hearted,
 Glistened her dear eyes the while.

My tears, as I saw her so grieve,
 Flowed down in a plentiful river;
 — Oh God! I can never believe
 That I have lost thee for ever.

B. d. L. page 193.



XVI.

My hapless love — it glimmers
 In its uncertain light,
 Like some sad, fairy fable
 Told in a Summer's night.

„Slow through the wood enchanted
 Two lovers walk and sigh,
 The Nightingale sings sadly,
 The moon sails sad on high“.

„The Maiden stands like a statue,
 The knight before her kneels;
 There comes the Wilderness-Giant,
 Away the maiden steals“.

„The Knight to Earth sinks bleeding,
 Home stalks the Giant bold“ —
 And when they get me buried,
 Then is the fable told.

B. d. L. page 145.



XVII.

Fair in the Sunshine roll the waves
In golden glad emotion;
Oh! Brothers, when I perish
Go sink me in the Ocean!

Old Ocean I ever have dearly loved;
With its harmonious swell,
Oft hath it soothed this fretful heart;
We liked each-other well.

N. G. page 60.



XVIII.

In the North a lonely Pine-tree
Stands on a bare, bleak height;
He slumbers, snowcapped and frozen,
Cloaked in a covering white.

He dreams and dreams of a Palm-tree
Which afar in the East doth stand,
Mutely in solitude pining
On a burning Table-land.

B. d. L. page 131.



XIX.

**The Lotos-flower, Sun-fearing,
Shrinks from Day's garish light;
With down-drooped head appearing,
She dreams and waits for the Night.**

**The pale Moon is her lover;
Kissed by the Moon, with grace
She wakes, and 'gins uncover
Her meek and beautiful face;**

**Then blooms and swoons and shivers,
Stares mute, and stands apart,
And sighs and weeps and quivers
With Love and all its smart.**

B. d. L. page 113.

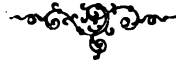


XX.

The delicate Water-lily
Looks dreamily forth from the meer;
The pale Moon greets her with glances
Of Passion and pain and fear.

Bashful she shrinks, and her shy face
Once more 'neath the wave 'gins cover —
And there she sees at her fair feet
The poor, pale, trembling Lover.

N. G. page 16.



XXI.

A flower I love — but which know not I!
 This makes me smart.
 Into every flower's cup searching I spy,
 And seek a Heart.

The flowers breathe sweet in the sweet Moonshine,
 The Nightingale trills;
 I seek for a heart which is fair as mine
 And as deeply thrills.

The Nightingale sings and I know by her dreary,
 Dreary, dulcet tone,
 That we both of us are both lone and weary,
 Weary and lone.

N. G. page 7.



XXII.

I dreamed to-night of a Monarch's child
With cold and pallid face;
Under the Lindens we lay beguiled,
Coiled in each others embrace.

„Thy father's crown I will not crave,“
„His wealth and treasures rarest;“
„Thy father's throne I will not have,“
„I'll have thyself, thou fairest!“

That cannot be, spake she to me,
For I was buried lately,
And only of nights I come to thee
Because I love thee greatly.

B. d. L. page 140.



XXIII.

There lived a poor, old Monarch,
 His locks were grey, his heart was dried:
 The poor, unyouthful Monarch
 He took a youthful bride.

There lived a comely Page too,
 Fair were his locks, his heart was green;
 He bore her train embroidered
 Behind the youthful Queen.

Thou knows't the ancient story?
 It sounds so sweet; it sounds so drear!
 They both must die! — the other
 To each was far too dear.

N. G. page 28.



XXIV.

Kehama loves Mathilda,
Mathilda sighs for Walter,
But Walter loves Clotilda
And leads her to the altar.

While pique and pain torment her
Mathilda marries quick
The first good man who's sent her —
Kehama, he falls sick.

This is an ancient Drama
Which yet seems always new;
And he who plays Kehama,
His heart is cleft in two.

B. d. L. page 138.



XXV.

The Cockneys in Sunday attire
 Are rambling about o'er the plains;
 They shout and they skip and perspire
 And greet great Nature with pains.

Their wondering tongues are describing
 How all things romantic appear;
 Their long, long ears are imbibing
 The Sparrow's poor chitterings clear.

But I — I darken my chamber,
 Black cloth o'er the casement I lay;
 Some Ghosts, who my Being remember,
 Come to pay me a visit to-day.

My old, prime Passion returneth,
 From Hades it comes forlorn;
 It sits by my side and mourneth,
 And maketh my own heart mourn.

B. d. L. page 135.



XXVI.

Sweet Pleasure is a giddy girl,
And loves in no place long to stay;
From off your brows she'll brush a curl,
And kiss you quick and flit away.

Dame Sorrow, scornful of all flurry,
Herself to your embrace commits;
She says she's in no kind of hurry,
And on your bed sits down and knits.

R. page 118.



XXVII.

Tell me who first invented watches,
The measure of time by momentarily scratches?
A shivering man with sorrow fraught.
He sat through the winter-night and thought,
Counting the nibbles of mice in the wall
And the measured clicks of the woodworm small.

Tell me who first did kisses discover?
The warm, glad lips of a happy Lover,
Who kissed and, thoughtless, kissed away.
T' was in the beautiful month of May,
And out of the Earth the wild flowers sprung,
And the Sun he laughed, and the little birds sung.

N. G. page 24.



XXVIII.

**Thou dainty Fisherman's-daughter
Paddle thy boat to the Land;
Come hither, and sit beside me,
And chat with me, hand in hand.**

**Come, lay thy head on my bosom,
Nor all so fearful be;
Fearlessly, fair one, and daily
Thou trustest yon boisterous Sea.**

**My heart resembles the Sea, my girl,
Has Storm and Ebb and Flow,
And many a precious, priceless pearl
Rests in its depths below.**

B. d. L. page 178.



XXIX.

As I, by chance, on a journey
My Darling's family met,
Her Mother, her sweet little sister,
And Father all cried me 'well-met'.

And much of my health they questioned,
And heartily bade me hail;
They said I had altered but little,
Only my face looked pale.

I asked after Aunts and Relations,
After many a tedious ass;
And after the dear little puppy
With his collar and bells of glass.

And after my married Darling
I asked, with a little delay,
And kindly they told me in answer,
She was in the family-way.

I offered my compliments kindly,
And lisped, with a pang of pain,
That they should give her my greeting
Again and again and again.

The little girl cried, interposing,
„The puppy, with bells so fine,“
„Grew great and mad as a march-hare,“
„And he got drowned in the Rhine.“

The little one likens my Darling,
And chiefly in her smile;
The very same eyes, the charming,
That broke my heart erewhile!

B. d. L. page 174.



XXX.

I wished to linger by thee
A pleasant hour or two;
But you must hasten by me,
You had so much to do.

My soul was yours I vowed then,
T' would be no changeling found.
But you, you laughed full loud then,
And curtsied to the ground.

You caused to ache with smarting
My passion, heartless Miss;
And when we came to parting
Refused a parting kiss.

Yet think not I shall strangle
Myself, though tortured sore;
All this to me, my Angel,
Has happened once before.

B. d. L. page 220.



XXXI.

Miss Laura stood by th' Ocean,
And tears her eyes distilled;
Her soul with such emotion
The fading Day-star filled!

Weep not, sweet Miss, nor wonder,
The trick is stale you'll find;
There, forwards, it goes under —
Comes up again behind.

N. G. page 57.



XXXII.

I called the Devil and he came,
 And I'gan straight his form to scan.
 He is not ugly and is not lame,
 He is a charming gentleman,
 A man just in the prime of age,
 Courteous, travelled, bland and sage.
 A Diplomat he is, first-rate,
 Discoursing well of church and state;
 And pale he looks, and looks not well,
 From studying Hegel down in hell.
 His favourite Poet is still Fouqué;
 But as for the critic's art wordy and gay,
 He gives it up wholly, and cares not to check it,
 But leaves the whole matter to Grandmother Hecate.
 He praised my endeavours to study the Law;
 He himself at the same task had formerly plodded.
 He said that my friendship, for aught that he saw,
 Would prove to him precious — and thereby he nodded,
 And asked, with an evident wish to caress me,
 If we had not met at a ball in West-end?
 And when I looked straight in his face — Heaven bless me!
 I recognised in him a very old friend.

B. d. L. page 203.



XXXIII.

This young gentleman, so gracious
Greatly do I honor, Sirs!
Oft he treateth me to oysters,
And to Rhinewine and Liqueurs.

Neatly fit his coat and breeches,
Neat his cravat and his shoe;
And so comes he every morning
And he asks me how I do.

Then he speaks of my attractions,
My bon-mots, my reputation;
And he zealous is and anxious
To assist me in his station.

And of Evenings, at a party,
With rapt visage spouteth he,
Loud declaiming to the ladies,
My immortal poetry.

Oh, what joy! that this our Earth of
Such a youth should still be bearer,
Now, in these our days, when daily
Good men rarer grow and rarer.

B. d. L. page 229.



XXXIV.

They gave me good counsel, both good and grim,
They filled me with flattery up to the brim,
They said I had only to wait for a time
As they all meant to patronise my Rhyme.

But with all their patronage, last and first,
I might have perished of hunger and thirst,
Had a generous man not appeared and sworn
That *He* was my Protector born.

Generous man! — he procures me my dinner —
I'll never forget him, as I'm a sinner!
Kiss him! — that I will if I can,
But, you see, I myself am this generous man!

B. d. L. page 228.



XXXV.

Sad is my yearning heart and heavy,
On times gone-by regretful bent;
The world was then so blythe and merry
And all the People lived content.

But now the whole World's rent and riven.
No sound but wail and clamorous dread;
The Lord lies moribund in Heaven,
And down in Hell the Devil's dead.

And all things look so dismal-ghastly,
So crimped, entangled, sapped and cold;
A morsel Love surviveth lastly —
T'is all we have whereby to hold.

B. d. L. page 208.



XXXVI.

On my dark night a new star 'gins to roll,
 A star that smiles down comfort o'er my soul,
 And augurs me a happy lot —
 Dear Star, lie not!

As t'ords the Moon upheaves the boisterous Sea,
 Even so my heaving soul, merry and free,
 Yearns t'ords thy holy light afar —
 Lie not, Dear Star!

N. G. page 117.



XXXVII.

Where fall my tears, immediate
The fairest flowers up-spring;
And in my sighs a chorus
Of Nightingales sweet sing:

And if thou love me, little one,
I'll give thee all the flowers;
And thou shalt hear the nightingale
Sing sweet among thy bowers.

B. J. L. page 107.



XXXVIII.

In the marvellous merry month of May
When all the young buds pouted,
In mine own heart the flower of Love
Unleafed itself and sprouted.

In the marvellous merry month of May
When all the wild birds chanted,
I sang her the song of passionate hope
Wherewith my whole soul panted.

B. d. L. page 106



XXXIX.

**Through woods I wander weeping,
The thrush sits up on high!
From branch to branch light-leaping
She sings „Why dost thou sigh?“**

**Thy sister, friend, the Swallow
Can tell thee why I grieve;
She dwells in cunning Hollow
'Neath Darling's casement-eave.**

B. d. L. page 173.



XL.

**This shining Summer-morning
I through the garden walk;
The flowers they rustle and whisper,
But I in silence stalk.**

**The flowers they rustle and whisper,
And kindly my face they scan:
„Ah! be not hard on our Sister,“
„Thou pale and sorrowful man!“**

B. d. L. page 144.



XLI.

My most tender Love-proposal
To elude thou 'rt ever seeking;
If I ask „Dost thou refuse, then?“
Straightway thou sett'st-to a weeping.

Seldom pray I, Lord! — so hear me
Help for this poor maid demanding:
Wipe the sweet tears from her visage,
And illume her understanding!

N. G. page 76.



XLII.

Night sleeps on the silent Sea-shore
 Which the Ocean blandly laves;
 And from out the clouds the Moon comes,
 And a voice from out the waves.

„Yonder youth there, is he crazy?“
 „Say, is he in love? or mad?“
 „Sad he seems, yet passing merry,“
 „Simultaneous sad and glad“.

Soft the Moon with crafty visage
 Smiles and speaks, as who should know it,
 „Yonder youth's in love and crazy;“
 „And to boot he is a Poet“.

N. G. page 48.



XLIII.

Inquisitive, the Swallow
Around us flies and dips,
Because my ear so closely
Is glued unto thy lips.

Full fain would she discover
The cause of all my blisses,
And if my ear thou 'rt feeding
With syllables or kisses.

Myself know not precisely
By which my soul is tingled ;
The kisses and the syllables
Are marvellously mingled !

N. G. page 51.



XLIV.

I hold her long-lashed eyelids to,
And kiss her lips and sigh;
Now will she teaze me, teaze and sue
To know the reason why.

At latest eve, at morning too,
She seeks for some reply;
„Why dost thou hold my eyelids to,“
„And kiss my lips and sigh?“

I'll not show cause for what I do,
Myself I know not why;
I hold her long-lashed eyelids to,
And kiss her lips and sigh.

N. G. page 64.



XLV.

**Dear Darling, lay thou thy hand on my heart —
Feel'st thou how it beats and throbs with smart?
Therein dwells a Carpenter, cunning and free,
And a coffin he carpenters, Love, for me.**

**He knocks and he hammers by day and by night;
Long time of Sleep he has robbed me quite:
Oh! haste thee, Carpenter, hammer thy best,
That I may shortly slumber in rest!**

B. d. L. page 39.



XLVI.

If the flowers, the little ones, knew it,
How wounded is my heart!
Then would they with me sorrow,
And weep to heal my smart.

And the Nightingales if they knew it,
How lorn I am and sad!
They 'd pour from dewy throttles
A song of solace glad.

And knew they of my sorrows,
The stars in golden glee:
The stars would from their Heaven
Come down to comfort me.

All these, they cannot know it!
One, only, knows my smart;
T'was she herself disdained it,
Disdained and broke my heart.

B. d. L., page 122.



XLVII.

Merlin-like, a conjuror vain,
Wretched necromancer, I,
Bound at last, a prisoner lie
In my own enchanted chain.

Prisoner at her feet alway
Bound I lie and, bondsman-wise,
Gaze for ever in her eyes,
And the hours they flit away.

Hours and Days and total weeks,
Swift, and like a Dream, they go;
What I speak I scarcely know,
Neither know I what she speaks.

Sometimes seem her lips about
My own to tremble — rich Damnation!
From my very soul's foundation
Then I feel the flames flash out.

N. G. page 120.



XLVIII.

I with loving ditties angled
For thy heart in playful sort,
And, in my own mesh entangled,
Earnest now becomes my sport.

But when thou, with playful titter,
From my grave suit justly turnest —
Fiends of hell my soul embitter
And I shoot myself in earnest.

B. d. L. page 222.



XLIX.

**The violets blue of her azure eyes,
And the roses red of her cheeks pure dyes,
And the lilies white of her hands likewise —
The bud and they flower and blush full-blown,
And the cold little heart is withered alone.**

B. d. L. page 129.



L.

**And hast Thou now forgotten wholly
That I possessed thy heart once solely?
Thy fair little heart so false and so sweet,
A fairer and falser methinks never beat.**

**And hast thou forgotten the Pain and the Passion
Which rent my poor heart in so cruel a fashion?
I know not — was Passion more great than the Pain?
Alas! I know only that great were the twain.**

B. d. L. page 121.



LL.

How shamefully thou hast treated me,
From mortal ears I withhold it;
But I sailed far out on the deep blue Sea
And there to the fishes I told it.

I leave thee thy spotless name and brow
On the firm-set Land alone;
For through the whole of the Ocean now
Thy Infamy is known.

N. G. page 58.



LII.

Thy letter long, dear wronger,
 Excites no terror strong,
 Thou wilt not love me longer —
 And yet thy letter 's long!

Twelve lines, all unerroneous,
 Close-crowded I espy;
 That pen 's more parsimonious
 Which gives a man 'Good bye'.

N. G. page 33.



LIII.

Of course my 'Grand Ideal' art thou!
 I've told thee so, sweet hussy,
 With oaths and kisses oft ere now,
 But I today am busy.

Tomorrow come, 'twixt two and three,
 Then, 'spite of wind and weather,
 Fresh flames shall prove my constancy,
 And then we'll dine together.

If I can get two stalls, my mouse,
 I'm game to have a revel,
 And take thee to the Opera-house
 To witness 'Robert-the-Devil'.

A charming devilish piece it is,
 Will scare your soul I bet though;
 By Meyerbeer the music is,
 By Scribe the vile libretto.

N. G. page 67.



LIV.

Shadowy kisses, Love of shadows,
Life of shadows, shadowy Fame;
Think'st thou, foolish one, that all things,
All-unchanged, remain the same?

That which most we love and cherish
Wanes and fades and dream-like flies,
And our hearts Oblivion seizes,
And a slumber seals our eyes.

N. G. page 37.



LV.

Already her dull curtain dreary
Wicked Night hath o'er us drawn;
Ah! we feel our Souls grow weary,
At each other gaze, and yawn.

Thou grow'st old and I still older,
Our sweet spring has blossomed by;
Thou grow'st cold and I still colder,
As our Winter creepeth nigh.

Sweet things end in dreary fashion!
After Passion's sweetest pain
Comes the pain without the passion —
After life comes Death amain!

N. G. page 90.



LVI.

Art thou really then so angry.
Really so incensed with me?
I will tell all kinds of people
Thou hast used me shamefully.

Oh! ye lips — ye lips ungrateful!
How *can* ye an ill word say
Of the man who has so dearly
Kissed you in a happier day?

B. d. L., page 240.



LVII.

Since from me they took my bride,
Laughter I have laid aside;
Many a dull wag grinds his chaff,
But I, listening, cannot laugh.

Ever since they made her flee,
Weeping too is strange to me;
From my heart wells misery deep,
But a tear I cannot weep.

B. d. L. page 133.



LVIII.

Thought at first that I must perish,
Never thought to bear that blow;
Yet I've borne it! — *How* I bore it,
Seek, in pity, not to know.

B. d. L. page 45.



LIX.

Bear with me, and use thy patience
If in this my latest song,
This my newest note, there echoes
Something of an ancient wrong.

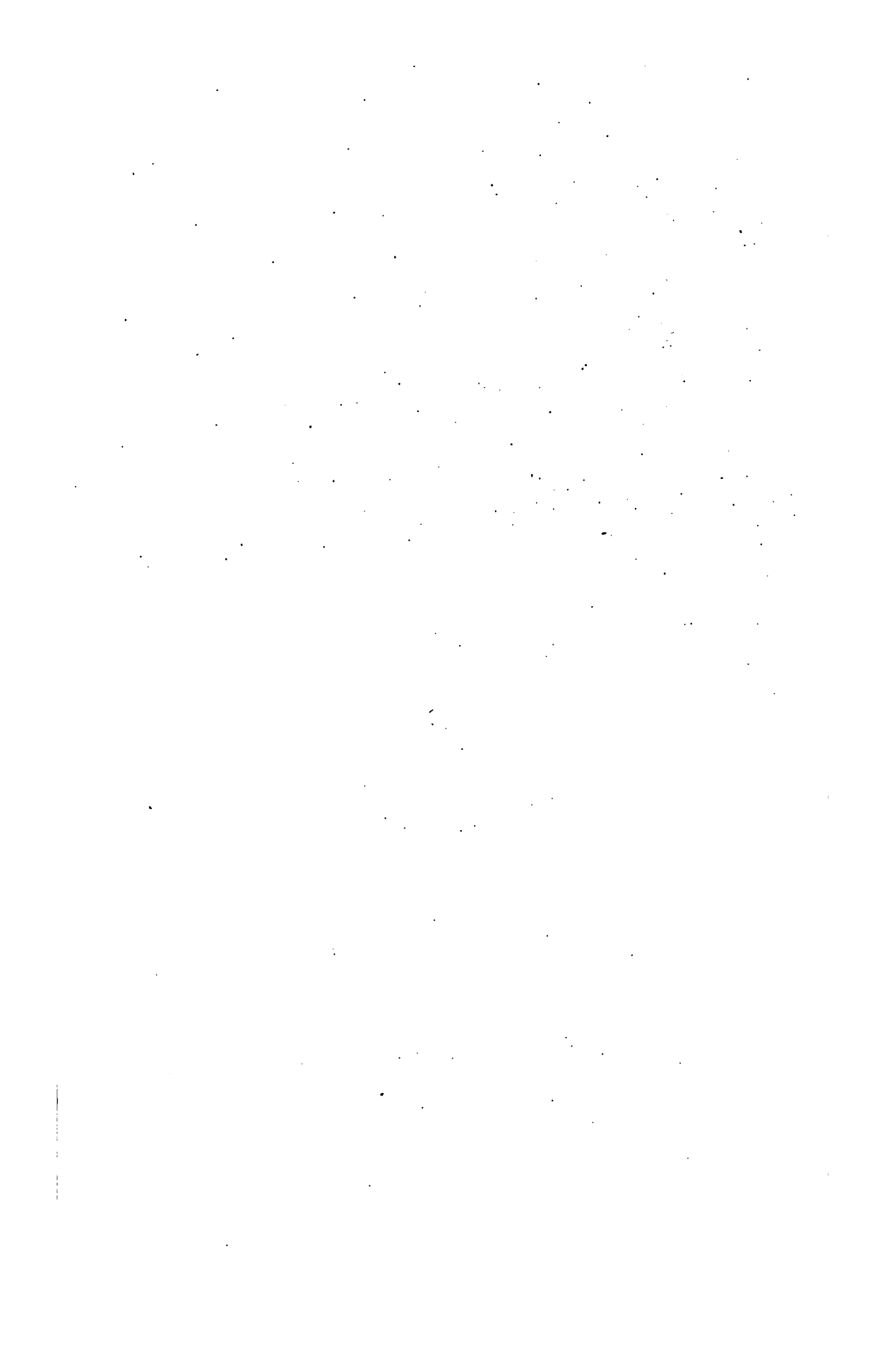
Bear with me, for soon shall Silence
Seal the mem'ry of my smart,
And a fresher fount of music
Gush from out the healéd heart.

B. d. L. page 212.



THE
BATTLE-FIELD AT HASTINGS.





The battle-field at Hastings.

Deep sighed the Abbot when the news
Reached Waltham's courts that day,
That piteously on Hastings' field
King Harold lifeless lay.

Two Monks, Asgód and Ailric named,
Dispatched he to the plain,
That they might seek king Harold's corpse,
At Hastings 'mongst the slain.

The Monks they issued sadly forth,
And sad their steps retrace:
„Father, loathesome to us is the World,“
„Fortune forsakes our race.“

„The Bastard, the base, lives Victor now,“
„Fall'n is the Righteous-Brave;“
„Bands of armed robbers divide the land“
„And make of the Freeman a slave.“

„The raggedest Boor from Normandy“
„Now lords it o'er Britain's Isle;“
„A tailor from Bayeux, gold bespurred,“
„I saw one ride and smile.“

„Woe now to every Saxon born!“
 „Ye Saxon Saints beware,“
 „Lest, Heaven itself unsafe, the scourge“
 „Pursue and spurn you there.“

„Now know we what disastrous doom“
 „That comet should forebode,“
 „Which erst, blood-red, through blackest Heaven“
 „On fiery besom rode.“

„At Hastings hath that evil star“
 „Its evil portent wrought!“
 „Thither we went, to the battle-field,“
 „And 'mongst the slain we sought.“

„We sought to left, we sought to right,“
 „Till, every hope resigned,“
 „We left the field, and Harold the king,“
 „His corpse we did not find.“

Asgód and Ailric so they spake;
 His hands the Abbot clasped,
 Down sat, despairing, sunk in thought,
 Then sighed and said at last:

„At Grendelfield, near Bardenstone,“
 „In the wood's deepest dell,“
 „Lone in a lonely pauper-cot“
 „Doth swan-necked Edith dwell.“

„'Swan-necked', men named her — for that erst“
 „Her neck, of smoothest pearl,“
 „Was swan-like arched — and Harold the king“
 „He loved the comely girl.“

„Her hath he loved and cherished and kissed,“
 „And, lastly, abandoned, forgot;“
 „The years roll by — full sixteen years“
 „Have watched her widowed lot.“

„Brothers, to her betake yourselves,“
 „And with her back return“
 „To Hasting's field; this woman's glance“
 „Will there the king discern.“

„Hither then to the Abbey-church“
 „Do ye the body bring,“
 „That we may yield it Christian rite,“
 „And for the soul may sing.“

The Monks at midnight reached the cot
 Deep in the dark wood's hollow;
 „Wake, swan-necked Edith, and forthwith“
 „Prepare our steps to follow!“

„Fate willed the Duke of Normandy“
 „The fatal day should gain,“
 „And on the field at Hastings lies“
 „King Harold 'mongst the slain.“

„Come with us now to Hastings — there“
 „We'll seek the corpse of the king,“
 „And bring it back to the Abbey-church,“
 „As the Abbot bade us bring.“

No word the swan-necked Edith spake;
 Her cloak about her cast,
 She followed the Monks; her grizzly hair
 It fluttered wild in the blast.

Barefooted, poor wretch, she followed o'er marsh,
Through brushwood and briar she flew:
Hastings at day-break already they reached,
With its white chalk-cliffs in view.

The fog that folded the battle-field,
As t' were in a snow-white shroud,
Rose slowly, the ravens flapped their wings
And horribly croaked and loud.

Some thousand corpses there lay strewn,
In heaps on the red earth grounded,
Stripped-stark, beplundered, mangled and maimed,
With carrion-horse confounded.

The swan-necked Edith waded on
Through blood with unsandalled foot;
Meanwhile like darts from her staring eye
The searchful glances shoot.

She searched to left, she searched to right,
And oft she turned undaunted
To scare the famished ravens off;
The monks behind her panted.

The whole drear Day had watched her search,
The stars still see her seek;
Suddenly from the woman's lips
Breaks shrill a terrible shriek:

Discovered hath Edith the corpse of the king!
No longer need she seek;
No word she spake, she wept no tear,
She kissed the pale, pale cheek.

She kissed the brow, she kissed the lips,
 Her arms about him pressed,
 She kissed the deep wound blood-besmeared
 Upon her monarch's breast.

And at the shoulder looked she too —
 And them she kissed contented —
 Three little scars, joy-wounds her love
 In Passion's hour indented.

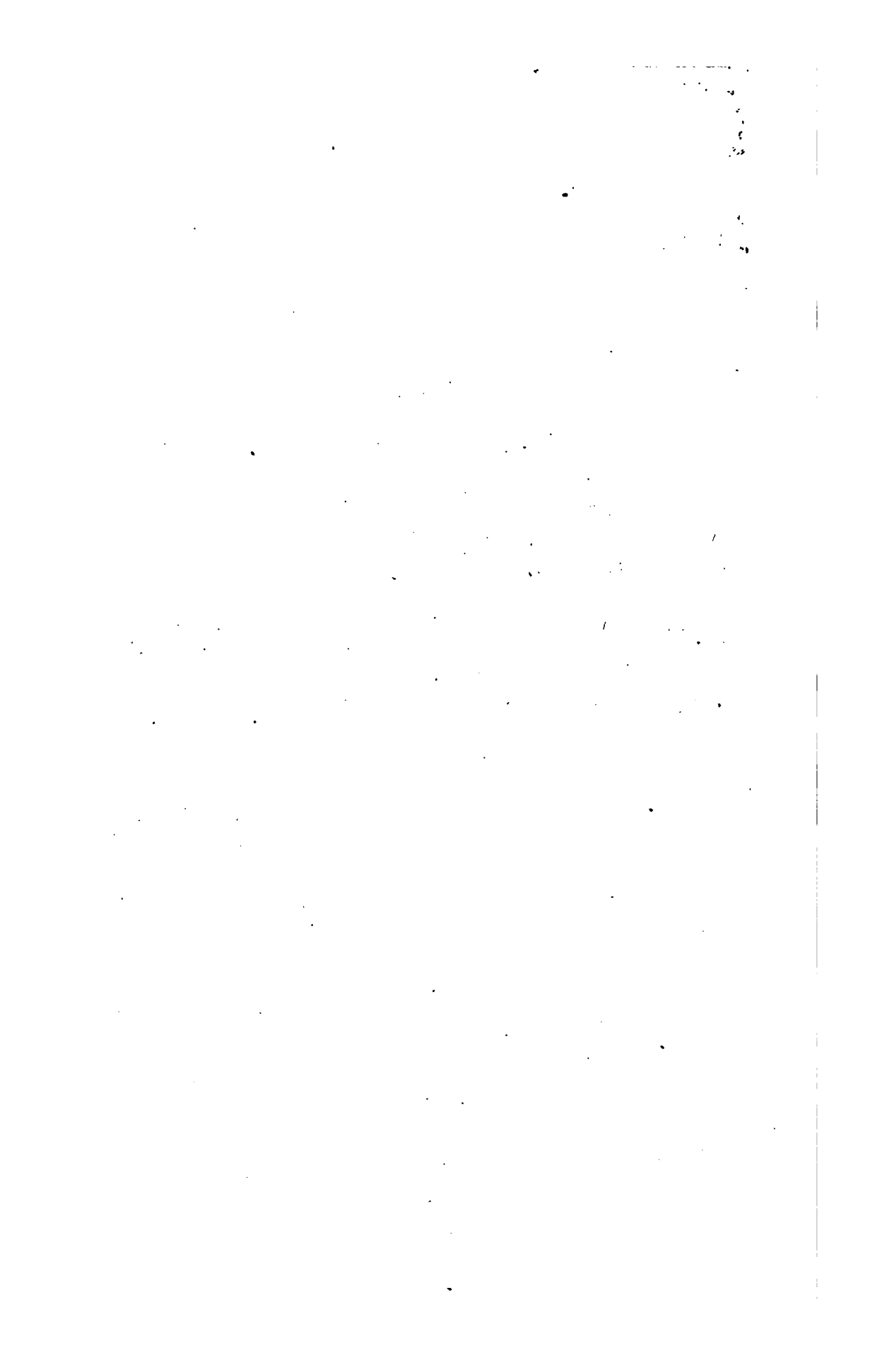
Meanwhile the Monks from out the wood
 Some twisted branches bring;
 This was the leafy bier whereon
 They laid their slaughtered king.

They bore him towards the Abbey-church
 Whose aisles his bones should cover;
 The swan-necked Edith followed close
 The pale corpse of her lover.

She sang the Burial-psalm in notes
 Of meek and childlike woe;
 Dismal it sounded through the night —
 The muttering monks prayed low.

R. page 21.





POEMS

BY

HEINRICH HEINE

TRANSLATED

BY

JULIAN FANE.

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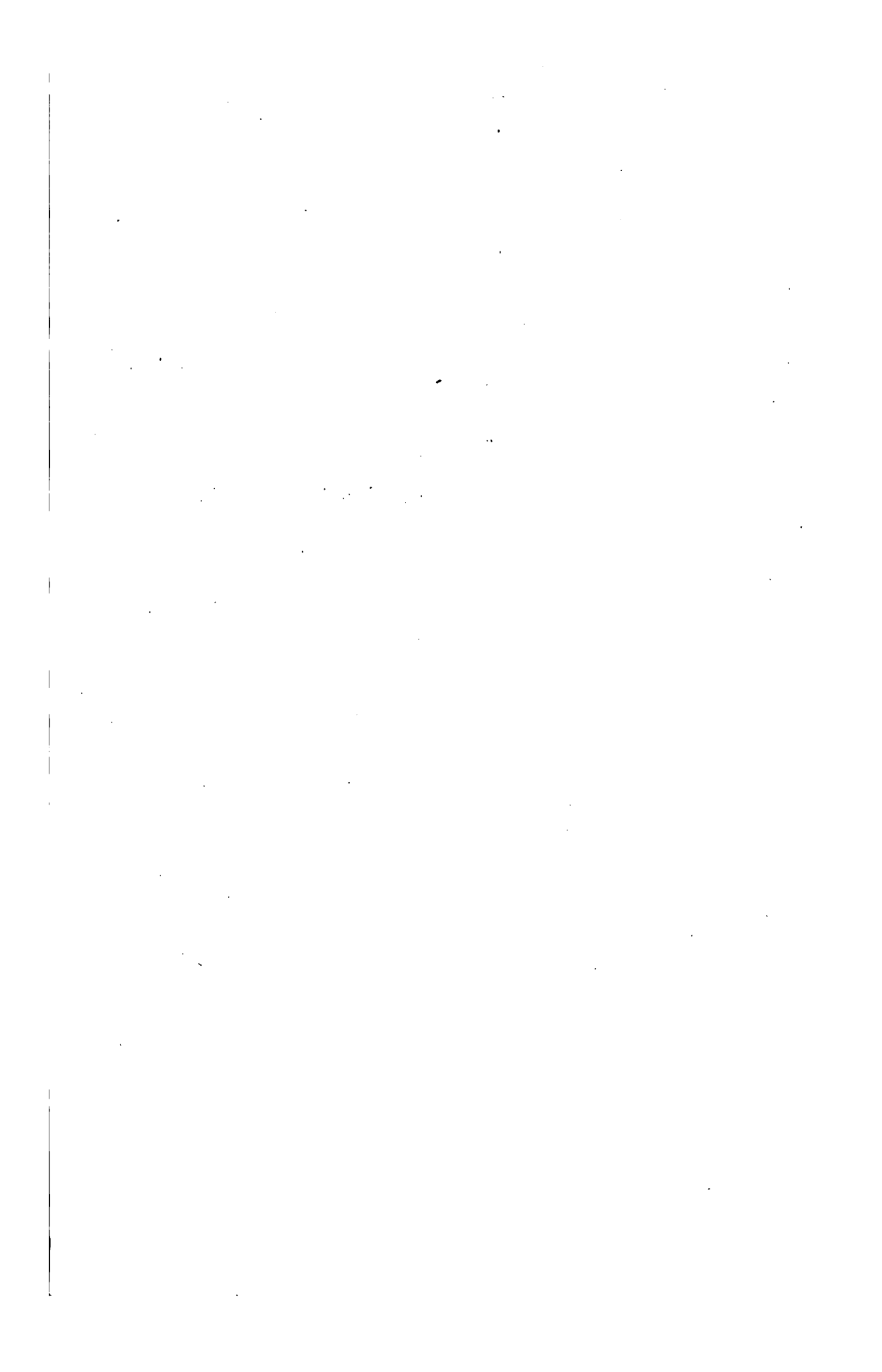
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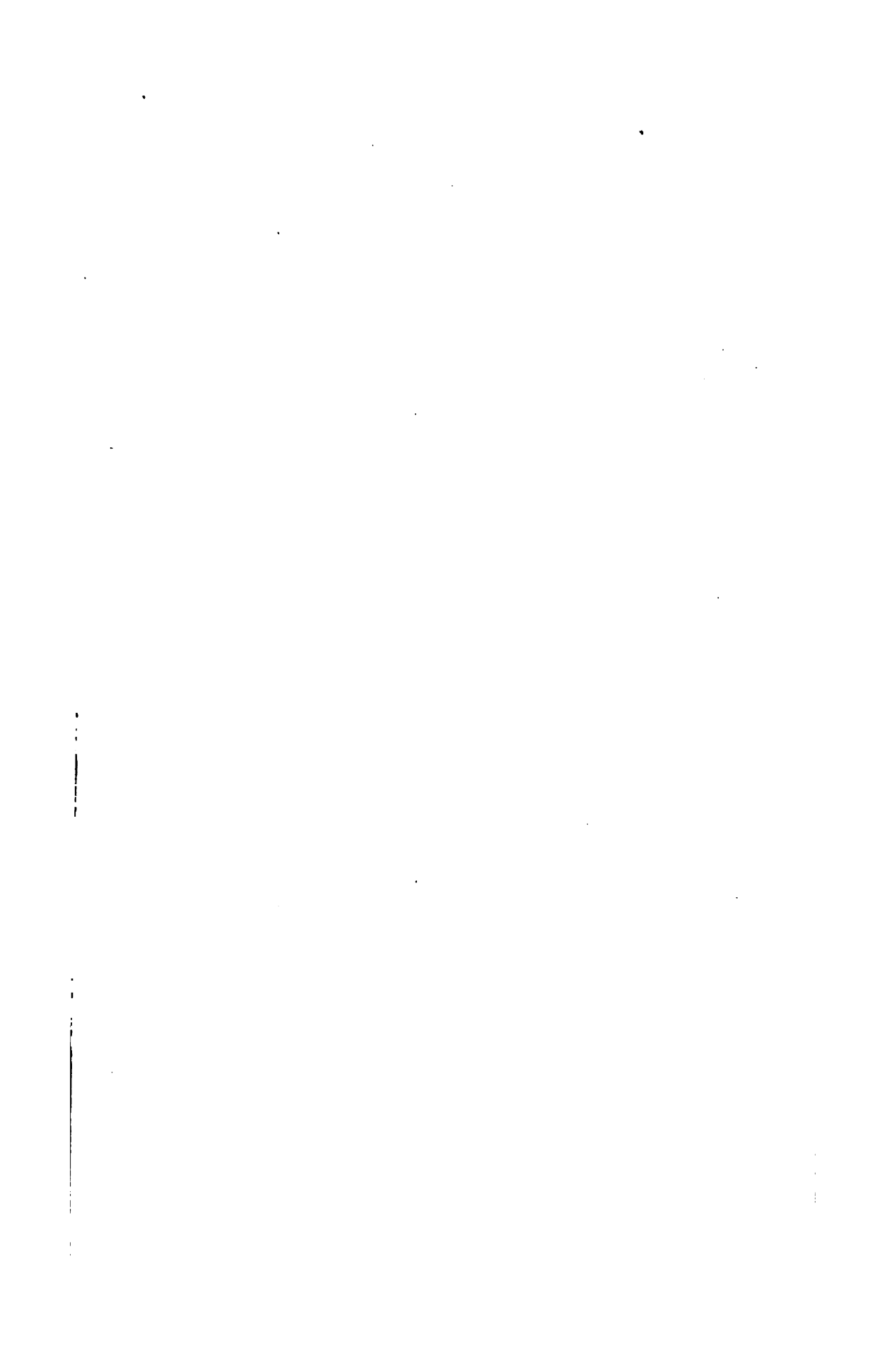
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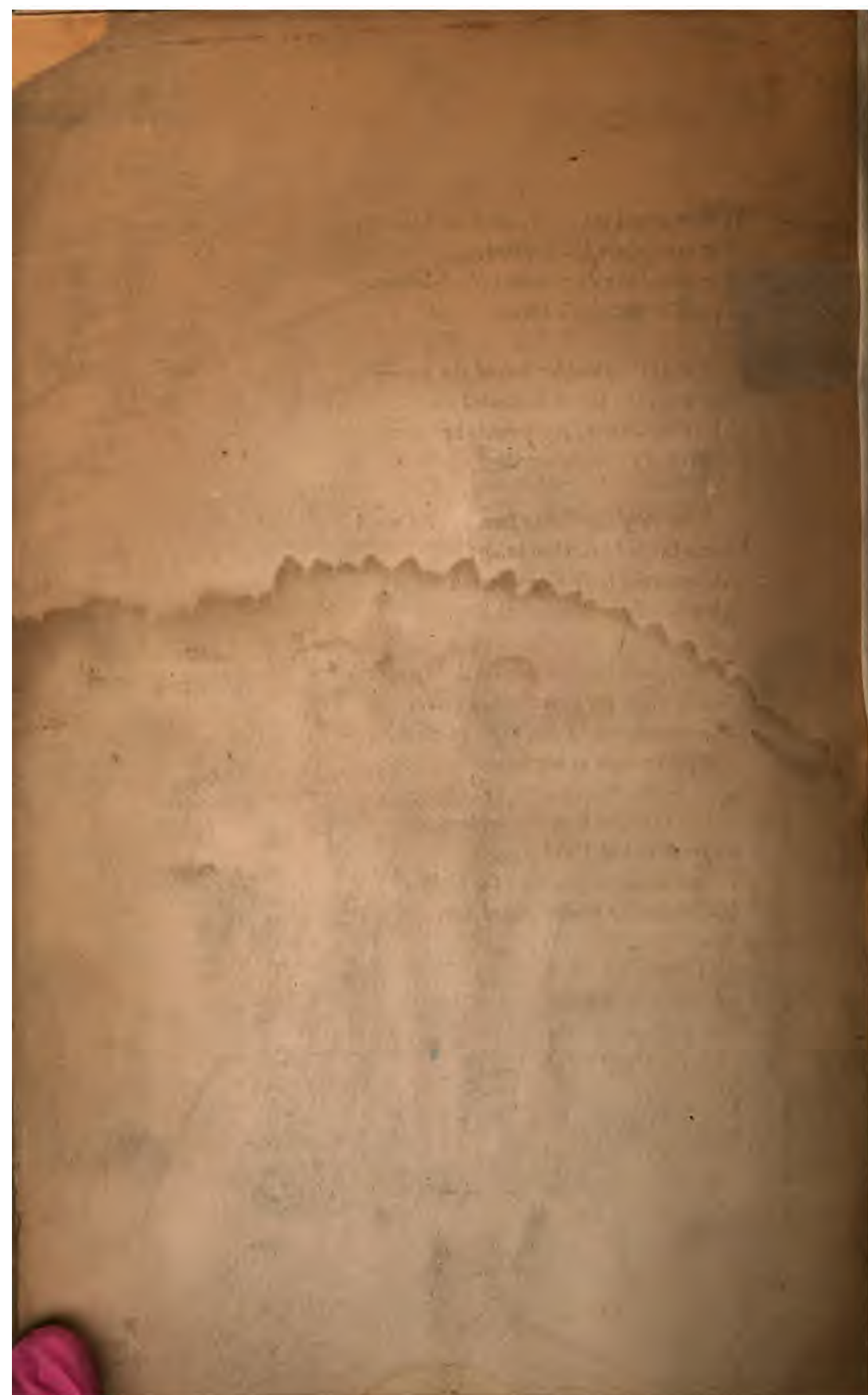
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HEINRICH HEINE

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107 PUBLISHERS

FROM THE HANDS OF THE AUTHOR AND HIS SUCCESSORS, TRANSLATED BY

1884.

